

## A NARROW ESCAPE!

How it Happened.

The following remarkable event in a lady's life will interest the reader: "For a long time I had a terrible pain at my heart, which fluttered almost incessantly. I had no appetite and could not sleep. I would be compelled to sit up in bed and belich gas from my stomach until I thought every minute would be my last. There was a feeling of oppression about my heart, and I was afraid to draw a full breath. I couldn't sweep a room without sitting down and resting; but, thank God, by the help of New Heart Cure all that is past and I feel like another woman. Before using the New Heart Cure I had taken different so-called remedies and been treated by doctors without any benefit until! I was both discouraged and disgusted, My husband bought me a bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted the service of the serv bought me a bottle of Dr. Miles' New Heart
Cure, and am happy to say I never regretted
it, as I now have a splendid appetite and
sleep well. I weighed 125 pounds when I began taking the remedy, and now I weigh 130%.
Its effect in my case has been truly marvelous. It far surpasses any other medicine I
have ever taken or any benefit I ever received from physicians."—Mrs. Harry Starr,
Pottsville, Pa., October 12, 1892.
Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee by all druggists, or by the Dr.
Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of
price, 41 per bottle, six bottles 25, express prepaid. This great discovery by an eminent
specialist in heart disease, contains 2either
epiates nor dangerous drugs.

THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Lold by all dirty, sts

tor. SBYTERIAN.—Church10:30 a. m., 7 p.m. Sanday School 12 im., Prayer Meeting, Thursday,7p.m. REV. M. L. DONAHEY, Pastor
T. AUGUSTINE.—Mass & a. m., High Mass 10
a. m., Vespers 3 p. m. Bev.M. Pustx, Pastor.
METHODIST.—Church10:30 a. m., 7p. m., Sabtath School 3:15 a. m., Young Feople's Meetting 5:00 p. m., Epworth League Meeting,
Wednesday, 7 p. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday,
7 p. m. Rev. I. N. Kata, Pastor.
PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m., (or
10 a. m., as announced previous Sanday) Sunday School 9 a. m. Rev. W. L. Fisher, Pastor.

JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Two.,

day Sonooly a.m. REV. W. L. FISHES, PARLOT.
JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp.,
Church 10a.m. REV. W. L. FREER, PARLOT.
E MANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m.
Sunday School 10a.m. REV. L. DAMMONN
Pastor.

Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. — Napoleon Twp. Churchio a.m. Rev. L. Dammonn, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—South Napoleon; church overy week, 10;30 a.m. and in the evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 7 p. m. Rev. I. D. INGLE, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN—McClure:church10a m., every.other-sunday, beginning January 18, 1891. Sabbath-school 9:50 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursdays,7 p.m Ray.John Sheller, Pas-tor.

## COUNTY RECORD

| COUNTY OFFICERS.                       |   |
|--|---|
| Commen Pleas Judge                     |   |
| Mayor<br>Clerk<br>Treasurer<br>Marehal | ORA 1 . A IUERES.  D. Meekis C. E. Reynol O. Higg T. J. Bigs Institute Fred Mark  |
| Cemetery Tr                            | B.B.Bin   L.V. Bets   L.V. Bets   L.V. Bets   L. Chas, H. Gid   L. L. Ore   William Sam   Richard W. Cab   John Voc   L. L. Ore   L. L. Chas   L. Chas   L. L. |

| loo          | School Board Chas. E. Reynolds W. G. Coove, Chas. Ever, F. D. Printi, Examiners A. E. H. Macrker, R. W. Cahil |  |
|--------------|---|--|
| The state of | JUSTICES OF THE PEACE OF HENRY CO   |  |
|              | Joseph Fish, Jr   |  |
|              | W. C. Johnson   |  |
|              | H. J. Kester  |  |
| )<br>        | Henry Gehrett   |  |
| ./           | H. E. HallNapoleon  |  |
| The same     | J. A. Coleman   |  |
|              | J. P. Dunbar  |  |
| me<br>at     | H. CrossmanNapoleon Frank FosterMalints  Napoleon Township.   |  |
| the          | F. D. Printis   |  |

TOWNSHIP CLERKS. Township. Bartlow .... C. Pennock....
G. F. Hayes...
L. M. Grove...
B. Dittenhave
Vm. Richholt...

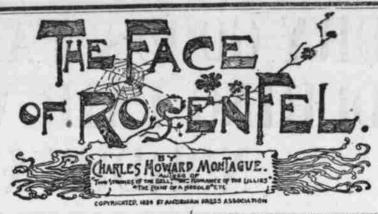
PLEASANT TOWNSHIP.

RICHFIELD TOWNSHIP.

RIDGEVILLE TOWNSHIP.

Wolf ......Bidgeville

FREE TRADE Trade your old home and hard lot in the East for a Red River Valley farm, when few years you gain a compet few years you gain a compet garage few years which in your old age garage ga swill be a sure



CHAPTER XV. TIME AND TIDE.

More than once in the course of this history it has been mentioned that the windows of the artist's chambers looked ont upon a river. In truth, it was almost impossible to be anywhere in Maxey's rooms and escape its presence. He had chosen his suit for the free, open prospect it afforded, and he had sketched and painted a landscape from this lofty situation a dozen times. It mattered not in what part of the house one was, there was always something to remind him of the river.

The sweeping curve made by the stream just above the center of the city broadened the otherwise narrow belt of water into a lakelike expanse and opened a vista of miles to the eye. Over this wide surface the wind came and went unopposed. It was ever rattling at the windows of the artist's rooms. To awake of a winter's night and hear the uneasy ghost tapping with his chill hand for admission was to be reminded of the icy water flowing steadily with the tide down between the great stone walls in the darkness.

The tide rose and fell in the river for miles above the city. In the dead of winter it lifted the solid white surface, like a marble floor, through 10 feet twice a day. After a thaw, when the ice broke up, even in Maxey's rooms, could be heard the great blocks grind-Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches.

EVANGELICAL.—Church 16:30 a. m., 7 p. m. Sunday School 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wedarsday, 7 p. m. Egy. Green Pastor.

Evangelication of the Services of the Services of Se ing against the stones. These floating sweeping curve or down beneath the bridges and between the hulls of innumerable vessels out to sea. Only in the space contiguous to the house in Ballavoine place they remained stationary, for just here a configuration in the wall gave a whirling motion to the water. The floating block that drifted too near this spot was inevitably drawn in, and once in there it staid, pounded up and down, up and down against the masonry and the decaying piles till it was

melted quite away. It was a dark and mysterious recess, this little section of the river beneath the artist's windows. Somehow the building stood about it in such a way as to cut off the sunlight, except perchance at high noon. It was always gloomy close to the wall. Even when the river sparkled brightest in the smiling summer days, just in here there was a dreary spot. Here the water swirled and did not dance in little waves. Here, too, had once been the end of a wharf or wooden structure of some kind. A few of the venerable timbers yet remained imbedded firmly in the river's bottom. The blackened ends, projecting above the surface, deepened the somber and

forlorn effect. The house in which Maxey lived did not rise directly from the river wall. It of clothes. A high picketed fence prevented the contiguity of the river from being dangerous.

Occasionally the janitor of the building, who was supposed to have a protecting eye for all that appertained to it, emerged from the basement where he lived into the yard to cast about him a reassuring glance. One morning in December, when he came, a trifling alteration in the familiar prospect caught his attention and aroused his wonder. The upper ends of two pickets in the high fence were broken short off near the top. One of the several pieces lay in the snow at the bottom of the fence; the other still hung by a sliver from its place. The janitor shook the woodwork, and his mystification was increased when he found that the two broken pickets were se. This was such an inexplicable



The two broken pickets were loose. tter that he did not cease to wonder it. After he had exhausted all his eories and had pursued a fruitless instigation till be was forced from lack of untried means to give it up, being after the time when he made the discovery, it would still recur to his mind. Sometimes he would look suspiciously into the river just without the fence, as if he more than half believed that it might give the explanation for which he sought, if it would. But such secrets as it had the river guarded well. The water was very murky and impenetrable just here in the best of times. Soon after the breaking of the pickets it put a wall of ice upon its surface, the better to keep out prying eyes. But still the two broken pickets rose up shorter than their fellows to remind the curious janitor of the something unexplained.

The spring came, and the sun melted the ice. It lingered in the pool without the fence longer than anywhere else, as if it were loath to go. For a long time the bitter breath of the dving winter and the warming rays from the April sky fought for the mastery here. It was a terribly chill, melancholy nook, not eas-

ily conquered. The weeks came and went, and the birds began to sing even in Ballavoine place, but when the last vestiges of ice

Children Cry for PROTECTION Pitcher's Castoria.

were gone, the water beyond the picketed fonce concinued black and fathomless. The suspicious junitor still endeavored to penetrate its obscure depth, but

he endeavored still in vain. The janitor was right. The river did have a secret. The interwoven piles, the rusty spikes and crumbling wood-work for months aided to preserve it. One morning they gave it up, and all the world knew it. It was a ghastly thing to look upon. Little wonder that the horrified beholder turned sick and shuddering away!

Before this day arrived the dwellers in the high chambers above the river had opened their eyes upon strange things.

CHAPTER XVL THE WIDOW FORSYTHE. Maxey, grave and doubtful, looked

at his sister. "You can't imagine what Lamar wants to do now."

"No? What is it?" "He wants to bring his—that Mrs. Forsythe here to call." "Mrs. Forsythe call? Impossible!"

"No, it is not impossible. It is the fact. I could see that Eustace was troubled and reluctant about it. It is evidently not a pet scheme of his own.' "Surely she did not suggest it?"

"She must have done so. 'Mrs. Forsythe is very anxious to see your wife, is the way he put it. 'I suppose it would not be out of place for me to bring her here some evening?""

"And what did you tell him?" "I told him-well, I suppose I did more than I ought. I ought to have had more consideration for you and him. I told him to come by all means. What else could I do under the circumstances?"

"Consideration for me?" cried Miss Maxey, reddening. "I don't know what possible consideration for me could urge you to act any differently than you did act. The Widow Forsythe whom I have heard so much about? Why, by all means let her come. Let her come, and the sooner the better! I shall be ready to receive her at her own convenience. Be very sure of that!"

And ready Miss Maxey was when the critical time approached. Maxey thought he had never seen her looking so handsome, with so much color in her cheeks, with such a sparkle in her eyes. As they sat in the front parlor under the brilliant gas jets awaiting the coming of the expected visitors she almost outshone the radiant Annette.

A roll of carriage wheels in the street below, a long and breathless pause, a ring at the doorbell of the artist's suit, which Maxey himself answered, and the guests had come.

"Mrs. Forsythe, my friend, Mr. Julian Maxey, Mrs. Maxey, Miss Ellen Maxey What is this? You are pale; you are ill, Fostelle! Some water, Julian, quick!

Everybody was startled and alarmed. stood back and left a little space—a Everybody except Ellen seemed more or less in danger of losing presence of mind only by housewives for the hanging out | One moment a haughty and disdainful woman in the full bloom of health and strength bowing in a lofty way to her new acquaintances, the next a pale and tottering wretch clinging to the arm of her betrothed! The change was too sudden, too unexpected and mysterious not to be powerful in its effect.

"Thank you, Eustace," said Mrs. Forsythe in a faint voice, taking the water, which Maxey had run to bring, from the doctor's hand. She swallowed a little of the cooling liquid and declared that she felt better. Nevertheless she sank down upon the sofa, whither the physician had led her, faint and helpless. Lamar bent over her with some solictude, but more wonder.

"Fostelle, are you in pain?"

"Not at all, Eustace. It is only a little faintness that will soon go away.' He took her hand in his, pushed aside the massive gold ornament that encircled her wrist, placed his finger upon her pulse and looked into her face search-

"Shall we take you back to the carriage? Don't you think it would be better to go home at once?"

Mrs. Forsythe was rapidly recovering her color. As Lamar spoke her glance wandered in the direction of the artist's sister, who stood by herself, silent and composed, while all the rest were full of anxiety. A sudden gleam of the eyes and compression of lips followed that glance. Then she said in a voice which, though it trembled slightly, was perfectly clear and audible to everybody:

"No, I will stay. This is only momentary. Don't you see that it has left me? Sit here beside me, Eustace, dear. Pray do not stand any more on my account, Mrs. Maxey. Give yourself no more alarm about me. In a few mo-

ments I shall be quite restored." At this everybody sat down. The un asual came to an end, and the conventional "call" began. Mrs. Forsythe kept her word. In five minutes there was no trace of her late indisposition. Ellen Maxey saw, with unwilling admiration for her tact and management, the part that she had decided to play with regard to herself. By no word or look, other than that which the first shock of meetng had drawn from her, and which was totally inexplicable to the others, did she betray that Ellen was any less a stranger to her than her brother or his

wife. She talked the conventional trivialities to her in the same smiling, winsome way in which she talked to the rest, for Mrs. Forsythe was no longer haughty and disdainful. In truth, as the moments went on and this vivacious and fascinating personage continued to discuss the stupid affairs of daily life with a piquancy and animation that made them for the time seem interesting, Ellen found it hard to retain her hold on the certain fact that this was the same woman who had shivered the costly ornament to atoms on the marble floor. Mrs. Forsythe seemed to have set before herself the one object of making herself agreeable to her new acquaintances.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

She admired, openly and ecstatically of everybody from nerself by requesting admired, Maxey's wife and declared that if she had been a man she should have fallen in love with her herself. She praised Maxey's taste as an artist and went into raptures over some of his piotures, with which he had ornamented the walls of his patier. She even-"Such," thought Ellen, "is her boldness and effrontery"-attempted to become a worshiper at the shrine of the artist's sister, but Miss Maxey met all her attempts to win her over with an icy retisence which more than once aroused the latent fire in the widow's eyes.

Dr. Lamar, usually so gay and con-versational in the artist's rooms, hardly nttered a word. He sat beside Mrs. Forsythe on the sofa as grave and serious as if he had been assisting at a funeral. The difference was so marked and so significant that all three of his friends were impressed by the fact. It was the last matter under the circumstances that either Julian Maxey or his young wife would have thought of mentioning in his presence, but Ellen somehow felt that she had a battle to fight with an unscrupulous woman, and that any means were justifiable. She took advantage of the opportunity afforded her by this fact to plant a covert thorn in the breast of her enemy.
"I am sure," she said in an audible

voice to her brother while Mrs. Forsythe was saving something to Annette, 'the doctor is not well tonight."

"Not well?" echoed Maxey. "No; don't you notice how constrained and different from his ordinary self he is? He is usually so chatty and agreeable. Some shadow seems to have come in with him. What can it be? Is he not happy?"

"Hush!" whispered the startled Maxey, perfectly unconscious of his sister's duplicity. "She will hear you."
"She. Who? I don't understand you." Miss Maxey addressed herself immedi-

ately to Annette. "Don't you notice that the doctor is not himself tonight, dear?" "Oh, indeed, is he not?" cried the

Widow Forsythe, turning with an admirable appearance of solicitude to-ward her affianced. "Do you hear what they are saying, Eustace?"
"No. What?" "That you are not at all like your-

elf tonight. I hope you are not going to be ill, too, because of my bad exam "I was not aware," returned Lamar

coldly, "that I exhibited any symptoms of the sort." The tone of the reply was so rough and discourteous that the color came into Mrs. Forsythe's cheeks. She bit

her lip, and her eyes moistened. "She loves him," thought watchful Ellen, with a jealous glow at the heart. 'She loves him. There is no doubt of that.

Lamar seemed to have instantly repented his own harshness, for he at once went on, with an assumption of careless

"The fact is, while you have been talking I have been dreaming. I may have looked sick, but the truth is I was abstracted." "Some new theory in practice, I sup-

pose," suggested Maxey.
"No," said Lamar, straightening up and making an evident effort to be entertaining. "It was something odder than that-something a good deal more

interesting." "Of course that is meant to arouse our curiosity and make us beg you to tell us about it," said Mrs. Forsythe playfully.

returned, with a slight frown. "I am not so sure that I should be justified in be sick. We had better go at once. discussing a professional secret even among friends."

"It's a professonal secret then!" exclaimed Maxey. "Oh, then we must be told! Professional secrets are always the most entertaining of secrets. Out with it, Lamar!"

"Well," replied the physician, "as long as you understand that it is not a matter to be talked about outside, I at Ellen with an expression of ungoverndon't know that I need hesitate. Prepare yourselves for a most curious and mysterious affair."

"I think I may say that everybody is sufficiently prepared," said Maxey. 'Let us have the whole mystery at once.

"Dictum factum! You shall. I will save my conscience by not calling any names. A certain lawyer of this city called at my office this morning and in a very cautious and enigmatical manner informed me that he wanted to have my opinion on a matter of vast importance to hingself and others interested. 'First of all,' said he, 'I want to know if you can tell the comparative age of a scar on the human body?' To so very vague and general a question I told him I certainly could give him no satisfac tory answer. 'Very well,' said he, 'l will postpone my question until after l have presented my case. I want you to get into my carriage. I will then take you to a place where there is a scar which I wish to have examined. I shall introduce you under a false name, and it is not to be known that you are a physician. All you have to do is to assent to everything I say, and when I show you the scar scrutinize it as closely as you can. Afterward I shall ask pointed stick.

you for your opinion. "'I will tell you,' he went on, 'that this is a most important case, and that you are only one of several prominent physicians whose opinions are to be asked. We wish and intend to make to have it partake as little of the nature of guesswork as medical science will permit. I do not want to conceal anything from you, however. There is a bare possibility that at some time or other you may be called upon as an expert to repeat the opinion which you shall give me in court. If so, we shall see that you are amply recompensed for 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey, see that you are amply recompensed for any loss of time or interference with your business that such a necessity would oceasion. And in view of this possibility I wish you to recollect just how this matter was presented by me to you, and that so far from endeavoring to control

your opinion I have not even told you find this scar to be old or recent'-Why, what is the trouble, Fostelle? You are pale. Is your faintness coming

n again?' With a sudden effort Mrs. Forsythe overcame the emotion which had made itself so dangerously apparent in her countenance. She forced a smile, and with admirable presence of mind made haste to turn the apprehensive glances

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Lamar to go on.
"Oh, no, Eustace; you are wrong this time, at any rate. I never felt better in my life. Go on, I pray you; I am so in-

The physician, almost forced to disbelieve his own eyes, eventually complied

with this request. "After this preliminary," he continued, "I got into a closed carriage with my enigmatical friend and was driven to a certain place, where I was ushered into the presence of as pretty a young lady as you often have an oppor tunity to look at."

"A pretty young lady?" exclaimed Maxey. "You are doing very well, La-mar. Proceed. Don't spare the details." Everybody laughed, even Mrs. For sythe, but Ellen, who was watching he with sharp eyes, saw that a new and

secret terror was coming over her as the doctor went on. At his last words her hand trembled visibly. Nevertheless she only raised a handkerchief to her lips and did not speak. Lamar continued: " 'Well, said my

friend, the lawyer, to the young lady, 'here is Mr. So-and-so, of whom I told you. He was an old friend of your father's. He ought to know you very well. You won't object to his examining you, I suppose?' The young woman laughed, as I thought, a little nervously and said: 'Oh, no, not at all. I have no objection. He may inspect as much as he pleases.' Rather more bold and loud than I should have liked, but still not offensive. 'Dark hair, you see,' said the lawyer. 'Isn't that right?' 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'quite right.' 'And black eyes. Good again, isn't it?' 'Oh, yes,' said I, perfectly good.' And so he went on making a sort of inventory of her distinctive points, much as though she had been a horse which he was trying to sell me. And finally you can't guess what happened."

They all gave it up without trying.
"Well," said Dr. Lamar, "finally the lawyer persuaded the girl to pull off her stocking and show me her left

Mr. and Mrs. Maxey were so intent on what the physician had to say that they did not observe Mrs. Forsythe, but Ellen saw that she looked really ill, and in the midst of it darted a wild, searching, suspicious glance into her own eyes.

"He made her show me her foot," said the physician, "and then I saw that one of the toes was missing. Here was the scar about which he had so mysteriously hinted. 'Well,' said he, when we were out of the place once



She looked at Ellen with an expression of

'was it old or recent?' 'I am sure I don't know how to answer that,' I said, with a laugh. 'Well, can you tell me this? Is it 18 years old?' Fostelle, you are ill. It is useless for you to deny it. You look as though you had seen a Your face is tremble. I am afraid you are going to

"No." cried out Mrs. Forsythe in a husky voice; "don't stop your story at such an interesting point on my account. Give your answer to the lawyer first. Old or recent, which?" "'By no possibility 18 years.' That

was my answer." Mrs. Forsythe rose up with a vehemence that startled them all. She looked able rage and then at the bewildered

physician. "Dr. Lamar," she cried, "has that low lived, false hearted chit of a girl there set you on to tell what you have

told?" Lamar was on his feet in an instant. "Mrs. Forsythe," he said in a ter-

rible voice, "are you mad?" His look calmed the rising tiger in the woman in an instant. For a minute she gazed into his face, and then her expression changed from rage to terror. Before them all she threw her arms about his neck, crying out: "Oh, Eustace, Eustace, forgive me,

I don't know what I have been saying!" and fainted in unmistakable earnest.

[CONTINUED.]

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The Hooked Umbrella. The umbrella with a hook to the han

dle is very convenient to carry. It is easy to grasp or to slip on the arm, but it can prove an awkward companion if carried the wrong way, and it very whether it would be for our interest to often is, as was illustrated by a lady on Canal street a day or two ago. She was walking quickly along, not once tempted by the daintily arranged bargains spread out in the windows. She was evidently in a hurry. Her crooked handle umbrella was under her arm. She passed through a group of gentlemen, when suddenly she found herself wheeled around with great force, and to her astonishment discovered she had gooked a handsome young man, the hook being fastened to the front of his vest. Don't carry a hooked umbrella under your arm.—New Orleans TimesMother Have You a Baby?

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